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—Robert Barrat

THE

Commonweal

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Limited vs. Total War

by Michael V. Gannon

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

BACK TO THE ASSEMBLY

AFTER ALL the great flurry of letters, plans and counter-plans for another summit meeting, the path has turned instead to the great plateau of the United Nations General Assembly. With the exception of President Eisenhower, no American spokesman has expressed regret that the summit has once again receded, and the President's expressions of regret were generally accepted as official rather than sincere. Whatever the reasons for Mr. Khrushchev's change of mind concerning the value of the meeting—and here speculation is relatively unhampered by specific knowledge—the shift to the General Assembly is, on the whole, a welcome one, and the delay in the meeting is clearly to the advantage of the Western powers.

But if the form of the encounter between Russia and the West has changed, the substance remains unyieldingly the same. President Eisenhower will not be engaged in direct debate with Nikita Khrushchev (and those who recall the President's truncated exchange about democracy with Marshal Zhukov can only feel relief at such news). Although he retains the choice of leading the United States delegation at the U.N., and he would carry influence merely by his presence, the actual discussion will undoubtedly be taken up by regular representatives. And unless John Foster Dulles makes a final change in plans, the grounds for that discussion are clearly laid out.

The Russian delegation will, of course, condemn the United States and Britain for sending troops into Lebanon and Jordan. Coupled with this condemnation will be not only a demand for troop withdrawal, but a sweeping assault on Western "imperialism" in the Middle East. The Russian appeal will be aimed primarily at the Mideast nations, of course, but it will also be designed for the emergent countries of Africa and Asia. And the continued presence of armed Western troops in this area will be a strong argument for many of the listeners.

The United States, on the other hand, plans to counter charges of intervention or direct aggression with a strong attack on the "indirect aggression" of both Nasser and of Communism. Despite the force which this argument apparently has for Mr. Dulles, it presents grave if not insuperable obstacles. If it were to succeed it would, of course, be helpful, but there is little reason to think it will.

IT IS relatively difficult to define "indirect aggression"; it has proved almost impossible to substantiate it. The report on Lebanon by the United Nations Observers Group, for example, differed markedly from President Chamoun's account. But even if opposing groups were to accept the same evidence, would they necessarily reach the same conclusions? How, for instance, does one discriminate between legitimate and illegitimate propaganda? Can we criticize the Cairo radio and expect Communist countries to accept Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America? Can our President talk happily about the role of the U.S. in suppressing Communism in Guatemala and Mr. Dulles declare that President Sukarno's " 'guided democracy' apparently does not satisfy large segments of the [Indonesian] population," and then criticize other forces for interfering in the internal affairs of smaller countries? All of these questions can be answered affirmatively in that our foreign policy has acted upon them. But to think that they provide the basis for a successful discussion in the General Assembly is surely unwise.

In the unlikely alternative that solely on the grounds of "indirect aggression" the Western forces could gain sufficient support to make it worthwhile

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to initiate a plan, it would undoubtedly call upon U.N. observers and commissions to take over the policing job in the Middle East. While this would have the undeniable merit of allowing us to withdraw our troops, it would be at most a temporary measure. However helpful the forces of the U.N., they are not capable of coping with those forces which continue to rend the Middle East.

Britain and the United States have made certain commitments with countries of the Mideast. To say that these commitments should be honored may partially explain but it does nothing to alleviate our precarious position in Lebanon or England's in Jordan. While Western troops, judging by present conditions, are now easily accepted, they will not always be. And the aid we have extended to the Middle East is meanwhile lost from sight.

The one hope, and so far it can be termed nothing else, is found in President Eisenhower's recent press conference. Sounding like one of his own critics, he stated that "troops are never going to win the peace. We have go to do something positive, and this must be in the field of moral and spiritual and economic strengthening of all these areas." After all this time it is too much to expect that a full-fledged positive program will emerge at the Assembly. But the beginnings of a foreign policy which corresponds to the President's statement would be as welcome as it is long overdue.

CHINESE CATACOMBS

IT WOULD seem that the plight of Catholics in China is the most acute of all those in Communist lands for whom this month Pius XII has called upon the faithful throughout the world to unite in prayer. One of the intentions directed to Our Lady is that the beleaguered members of the universal Church will be "ready and willing to suffer anything rather than split off from the Christian faith and Catholic unity."

In recent months the drive to organize "Patriotic Associations" of Chinese Catholics has been greatly stepped up by the powerful Mao regime. Some ten bishops have been illicitly consecrated without authorization from Rome, in a clear attempt to establish a "National Church" in China. Thus it has recently been reported that Catholics in Canton have established a "Patriotic Church," which will be headed by one of these illicitly consecrated bishops, and have broken off ties with Rome. Missionaries newly returned to this country after years of imprisonment tell of seventy-five native Chinese priests who are undergoing daily brainwashing in Shanghai; they are being given the choice of abandoning their faith or facing execution. As a result of the new war against the Church many of China's three million Catholics are said to be going underground.

The device of instigating schismatic national churches is a common one behind the Iron Curtain. It has been widely used in Poland and in Eastern European countries where deep-seated local and national enmities were already there to be exploited. The accusation of being unpatriotic is hard to confront in the most liberty-loving political democracy; in a full-fledged totalitarian atmosphere the charge that one's love of God is inimical to love of country is a truly lethal weapon. The present ordeal of Catholics in China is quite beyond the easy-going imaginations of most Americans.

FARM BILLS

TO COUNTERBALANCE the announcement that over six billion dollars worth of government surpluses have been distributed since Public Law 480 went into effect, is the news that these surpluses are now as big as when the program started. In fact, Clarence Francis, who prepared the special memorandum for the President, throws up his hands as to any solution of the dilemma for the next five years. Farm income has been maintained, and is now steadily rising, but the consuming public and, even more, the tax-paying public is footing the bill. It costs the Treasury six billions a year for a program that provides no real solution and, with storing and spoilage, involves substantial waste.

There are strong prospects that Congress will simply let things slide. The Senate passed a bill reducing crop supports to ninety per cent and letting up on certain acreage restrictions. A House bill, for which the Democrats are primarily responsible, pared the cut in crop supports considerably. When it was rejected, Speaker Rayburn refused to consider any further farm legislation this session, even though laws now in force will make it mandatory for the country's cotton and rice producers to cut their next year's acreages by twenty-two and forty-five per cent respectively. Secretary Benson appears to be so exercised over this aspect of the situation (and by Congressional failure to reduce supports) that he threatens to prevail upon the President to call a special session of Congress.

Meanwhile, improved strains and greater mechanization continue to accelerate American agricultural production. This is small comfort in other

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sectors of the globe where food supplies are far from adequate; it is not even as heartening to the ill-nourished in our own land as it might be. Secretary Benson may be right in wanting certain reductions in crop supports for economy's sake—and in order not to stimulate still further excess production—but this would seem to be touching only the surface of the problem.

Here, for instance, is one of the more basic aspects of the matter that could profitably be explored. Some of the neediest countries in the world devote heroic efforts to producing food under the most unfavorable growing conditions and thereby remain impoverished. Would it not be possible to set up certain bi-lateral agreements in which the United States would relieve such peoples of much of their desperate sustenance problem? Important segments of these nations' manpower could then be trained by American technicians and diverted into new industries, financed by American capital, that would appreciably raise living standards. And this would be only one of the avenues that can be envisaged in an acutely needed new approach.

VICTORY ON RECIPROCAL TRADE

THE RECENT APPROVAL by a House-Senate conference committee of a four-year extension of the reciprocal trade agreements act and the subsequent passage of the measure by the Senate itself represent a genuine triumph for the Eisenhower Administration and an important victory for the nation and the free world. The present bill could be better, but for months it looked as if it would be much worse, so rejoicing is in order.

As passed, the hotly debated measure represents the longest extension of the reciprocal trade agreement act ever voted. It gives to President Eisenhower new tariff-negotiating powers to work out important duties with the six-nation European Common Market. It provides authority to lower tariffs an over-all twenty per cent, with the effective date of the reductions to be spread out over the next eight years. And it retains for the President the vital power to overrule Tariff Commission recommendations, although he in turn could be overruled by a two-thirds majority in Congress.

All in all, although the White House may be overstating the case when it terms the final version of the bill "excellent," the provisions are far better than most observers would have dared to predict even a few weeks ago. Administration officials and Congressional supporters of the measure who turned defeat into victory by well-planned strategy deserve real thanks.

FOOTNOTE TO A DEBATE

MANY READERS of The Commonweal will remember the exchange between Ted LeBerthon and an official of the Department of Labor on the subject of agricultural workers from Mexico, which appeared in our issue of July 4. Two weeks ago we printed another letter on the same subject, this one from Father Edward Grzeskowiak, Chairman of the Migrant Workers Subcommittee of the Governor's Commission on Human Rights of the State of Minnesota. In it Father Grzeskowiak said no one need fear that readers of critical articles about migratory farm workers would draw "totally unwarranted inferences." "It has been my experience," he wrote, "that, regardless of what one says, most people underestimate the true conditions. When they see for themselves, they are appalled."

Father Grzeskowiak's point would be supported, we think, by most objective social observers. A recent bit of news illustrates the point. In Washington, the Labor Department announced that it had worked out an agreement whereby farm laborers from Mexico working at piece rates would henceforth have a better opportunity to earn at least fifty cents an hour—if they are of "normal competency" and "apply themselves diligently," to use the phrases attributed to Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell by the Associated Press. According to this report, employer representatives rejected the proposal originally advanced by the Department of Labor, which called for a flat guarantee of fifty cents an hour. However, they did agree that in cases where more than ten per cent of the piece-rate workers are earning less than that sum, the rate of payment would be "reexamined."

Most Americans, we know, would not consider this much of a triumph. An eight-hour day at fifty cents an hour, after all, adds up to only four dollars. And if some of the workers imported from Mexico have been earning substantially less than that, their standard of living—and the depressing effect of this rate of payment on wages of domestic farm workers—can be readily understood. Yet, however painful the fact may be, the reluctant concession on piece rates by employers of Mexican farm labor does represent a step forward, and this alone is enough to illustrate once more the gravity of the problem.

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Limited vs. Total War

To what purpose is a NATO army of conventional weapons when both the Soviet assault and the promised retaliation have assumed global proportions?

by MICHAEL V. GANNON

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN, like the Army headquarters area of Heidelberg to the south, is a loose American island in the swarming, proud West German Republic. Although the city's population is, of course, predominantly German, the American presence is so obviously stamped here that no visitor is likely to feel himself very far from home. Officers and men of the United States Army Europe, in their new green uniforms, walk and ride the streets everywhere on missions of military or personal importance; an extensive military installation covers one sector of the city; post exchange facilities, snack bars, theaters, bowling alleys, chapels and a hundred other such accoutrements of army post life seem to spangle this active commercial city almost as thoroughly as they do Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

This strange symbiosis of two cities, not uncommon today in certain areas of Europe and Asia, is far too obvious to camouflage, despite certain American efforts to do so. And a lot of people in the West outside Germany are beginning to wonder if it is not too superfluous to justify. This is, in some respects, a "forgotten army"—a holdover force of conventional arms fighting desperately for recognition in the age of missiles, nuclear weapons of unimaginable magnitude, talk of "polar attacks," "total war" and "massive retaliation." To what purpose is a frontier army of conventional weapons when both the Soviet assault and the promised retaliation have assumed global proportions?

Washington has placed its primary emphasis on strategic weapons since the "New Look" decisions of 1954, when the whole U.S. military program was recast in terms of nuclear "deterrence." In the same year tactical nuclear weapons were given conventional status by U.S. forces in Europe. General Alfred M. Gruenther, then Supreme Commander in Europe, was authorized to plan his strategy on the postulate that at least small atomic weapons would definitely be used in the event of enemy attack, conventional or otherwise. The American decisions were provoked by the failure of the Atlantic Alliance to produce the ninety-odd conventional divisions that it had agreed upon at Lisbon. Even that number, it turned out, would have difficulty meeting the eighty-two Soviet line divisions that now inhabit the Eastern side of the border, plus the estimated four hundred trained divisions that the Soviets and their satellites could muster and arm within thirty days of an outbreak of hostilities. (These figures were announced by NATO planners on April 15 of this year.) The only effective way to meet this incomparably superior conventional force, it was decided, was to meet it unconventionally. The British and other NATO governments had no choice but to follow the American lead.

THE POSITION of the West, as definable at present, is roughly as follows: first, both sides in the cold war are capable of doing each other immense damage in the event of total war, so that a balance, and better a superiority, in strategic weapons is devoutly to be wished; second, an invasion by Soviet troops into NATO territory would bring down the wrath of "massive retaliation," presumably beyond the actual lines of battle; third, the 17.5 allied divisions now stationed in Germany would meet the aggressor with conventional and tactical atomic weapons; fourth, these divisions in a full-scale land attack would eventually be over-run; fifth, but such a land war is not envisioned.

Now it is the fourth and fifth points, candidly admitted by the military commanders, that cause the brow to furrow. If these allied forces are going to

Mr. Gannon has toured the NATO countries and is now in West Germany. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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be over-run, or if the war is going to be decided elsewhere on the strategic plane (as all the threats, on both sides, read) precisely to what purpose are all these men and equipment?

Do the NATO divisions constitute simply a symbolic, trip-hammer defense line, a "plate glass" which, once smashed, would trigger the nuclear Armageddon? NATO planners admit that this notion carries some truth, since the West has promised a devastating retaliation to any Soviet aggression; at the same time, however, they envision the allied divisions more as a "shield" than as a trip-line. General Lauris Norstad, NATO Commander, has argued the notion of the "shield" in this way. A forward line is defended along its four thousand miles in such strength that considerable force would be required to break through it. Any violation of that NATO frontier would require the enemy to use force—and to use it *first*. The decision to use force first, with all its fateful implications, would therefore be the aggressor's; and because that decision would precipitate the avalanche of NATO retaliatory forces, the enemy would not be likely to take it without due thought. As a result, the possibility of an enemy miscalculation is minimized, and the stigma of "aggressor" is ready-made.

The logic of this strategy is perhaps more apparent when looked at negatively. "If this line were not held," General Norstad has said, "or were held only thinly, an opportunistic aggressor might be tempted to cross it and thereby confront us of the West with an accomplished fact, and with the fateful decision of whether or not to try to expel him. If we failed to try, we would default our solemn commitments, and that could be the end of the alliance: If we did try, it would be argued that we were the first to use force, and the terrible responsibility of starting the war would fall to us."

This amounts to what is probably the most subtle use of ground forces in the history of warfare. One is struck by the strategy's nearly paradoxical character when hearing, as this writer has, division and corps commanders say, "we have no intention of defeating the Soviet Army," and "our job is to make them move forward by degrees." The aim of this strategy is not to win a land war, but to hold momentarily. The ability to hold even for a short while, it is argued, discourages action either headlong or opportunistic—not only invasion in force but also lightning strikes, infiltration, staged incidents or "spontaneous" uprisings. The NATO emphasis on conventional forces, then, is based on the premises that aggression, especially a limited attack, is less likely where it must meet a strong resistance at the very start; and to force the enemy to assume direct and immediate responsibility for the opening of hostilities is to his disadvantage psychologically.

THIS IS the reasoning behind the presence of tens of thousands of American and other troops in West Germany. It is a sound and prudent plan. It has the support of the finest military minds in the Alliance. And the field commanders, eager to have the Army recognized as possessing a useful and necessary function in the age of global weapons, have successfully adapted both the technique and spirit of land warfare to the withdrawal type of fighting assigned them. But the strategy is by no means secure: the forces which make it work are being decimated by cutbacks in manpower, and the importance and need for conventional weapons (rifles, tanks, artillery) have been underplayed in all the recent emphasis on missiles and submarines.

Crack French divisions have been drained off the Western line for service in Algeria, and Duncan Sandys' new military program has reduced the British contribution by twenty-seven thousand troops. The West German Army, meanwhile, has some distance to go before supplying its promised twelve divisions, and if it follows the example of its European partners it will never quite make that mark. Economically, the conventional forces have been hard hit. The new American defense budget provides for a cutback of eighty-three thousand men in the armed forces and the abolition of twelve Air Force wings, one Army division, thirteen thousand Marines, six Navy warships and one carrier air group. Britain has already made more drastic cuts than these. Pleading inability to support large conventional forces, the British decided to place first and almost exclusive reliance on intermediate range missiles from the United States (the first of which will be delivered this year). This has meant shaving down the Army from its normal strength of 325,000 to the planned strength in 1962 of 165,000, and reducing the R.A.F. to not much more than a flying corporal's guard. France's economic condition together with the manpower demands of the Algeria fighting, may force her soon to adopt a similar program. These trends are very serious in view of recent statements of General Norstad that NATO's "forward strategy" cannot be maintained unless the present strength of 17.5 divisions is boosted to twenty-eight or thirty divisions, with tactical atomic equipment.

The drop in conventional strength is also worrying the "limited war" theorists, who fear that nuclear retaliation is not going to be the complete answer to military challenges ahead. These people foresee small war situations occurring under the umbrella of mutual deterrence—"nibbling" operations in such areas as Southeast Asia and the Middle East. In this view, growing reliance on strategic weapons may eventually force us into an "all or nothing" military posture that will leave no means for flexible, proportionate response to border incidents and minor incursions. By cutting down on conventional forces, which can be "gradu-

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ated"—in the military parlance—to meet lesser emergencies than global war (the only type of emergencies, significantly, that the free world has had to face since 1945), we may be placing ourselves in a position of having to choose between acquiescence in limited aggression or the initiation of an all-out nuclear war.

PARADOXICALLY, although we are channeling an ever increasing share of defense funds into the "heavy" weapons, at the same time the most respected military chiefs and committees are proposing limited war, in the words of the Rockefeller Report, as "our most likely threat." Generals Matthew B. Ridgway and Maxwell D. Taylor, past and present Army Chiefs of Staff, have been announcing the dangers of limited war since 1954 at the time of the "New Look." Their voices have since been joined by Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, General Nathan F. Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and General Randolph McC. Pate, Marine Corps Commandant, all of whom have expressed agreement that the "stalemate" of mutual deterrence may encourage the Soviets to become more adventurous on a limited scale.

Most of their statements have singled out Asia and the Middle East as likely trouble spots, as though excluding the possibility of a limited engagement on NATO territory, in virtue of that body's expressed intention to use its "quality weapons" from the outset. British strategist B. H. Liddell Hart shares the Pentagon view, but with a difference. He envisions local aggression on the continent itself, arguing that, although both sides are keenly aware that a contest with nuclear weapons would be mutual suicide, a cold-blooded aggressor may count on his opponent's natural reluctance to commit suicide in immediate response to a threat that is not clearly fatal. This is a very suggestive view. He makes the point in his recent book, *Strategy* (Praeger), that the nuclear weapon "increases the possibility of 'limited war' pursued by indirect and widespread local aggression. The aggressor can exploit a choice of techniques, differing in pattern but all designed to make headway while causing hesitancy—about employing counteraction with H-bombs or A-bombs." It is assumed in Liddell Hart's thesis that the American President would not be particularly quick or eager about exchanging the existence of the United States (which would be at stake in any nuclear holocaust) for Berlin or five hundred square miles of Norway. And that, after all, is a fair assumption. The policy of deterrence has yet to meet the "moment of truth."

The limited war theory gained most prominence last fall with the publication of Henry A. Kissinger's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (Harper). Kissinger argued that the threat of massive retaliation was out of all proportion to the most likely future military situations, and served to place national survival at risk in every diplomatic conflict that verged on the use of force. Kissinger noted that the Administration's policy over the preceding four years had sacrificed the country's capability to wage limited war, and made it necessary to rely solely on the ultimate force to achieve relatively moderate policy objectives. He proposed the development alongside the strategic arsenal of both conventional and small atomic weapons adequate to meet the threat of limited engagements, without making necessary "total war" and demands of "unconditional surrender."

MR. KISSINGER'S call for temperance and proportion was similar in tone to the much-noted address in November, 1956, of Thomas E. Murray, at that time Member of the Atomic Energy Commission. Speaking before the Catholic Association for International Peace, Mr. Murray declared that to threaten mass destruction in reply to limited aggression was a rupture of the tradition of civilized warfare, that security is not simply physical but must concern a country's moral stature as well, and that "the fatal error we are presently in danger of making is that of allowing weapons to dictate policy."

This last point is also made in *The Century of Total War* (Beacon) by the French commentator Raymond Aron. In the epoch of compulsory military service and mass production and destruction, he writes, wars naturally tend to expand into total, or hyperbolic, wars. Behind this tendency is the dictum that "wars always resemble the societies that wage them"; and the Western societies, Mr. Aron feels, have become too accustomed to thinking on the "mass" or "total" scale in both internal and external affairs to give much thought to the old conception of warfare as a striving toward limited, concrete objectives. The limited, conventionally-fought Korean War was, in Aron's mind, a prudent and proportionate response to a particular situation; but it was immensely unpopular with the American people, to whom warfare has come to mean the full and indiscriminate discharge of ammunition against enemies depicted as the incarnation of absolute evil. Mr. Kissinger has suggested that the public distaste for that war was a leading reason for the Administration's "massive retaliation" decision.

The "unconditional surrender" mentality is still very much a characteristic of the American people. And technical largesse in the matter of weapons, every day more sweeping and destructive in their promise, encourages public opinion in its substitution of abstract and uncompromising "righteousness" for less attractive, concrete war aims. The same indictment of popular ideology as sharing too great an influence on the American military attitude has been made by Mr.

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Kissinger, by Walter Lippmann in his *The Public Philosophy,* by Will Herberg, *Protestant-Catholic-Jew,* and, with a view towards democracies in general, by Herbert Butterfield, *Christianity and History.*

The mission of conventional forces in Germany and elsewhere may not be as awesome or exciting as the mission of today's strategic forces. It is more subtle; but it is just as necessary. It should not fall a victim to Western economizing or to a darkening of counsel. General Norstad's insistence on the eastern line in Germany, the spreading opinion of military leaders in Washington that limited attacks ought to be met with proportionate resistance, the moral judgments of thoughtful public officials upon the disappearance of "civilized warfare"—all these are signs of a growing official concern for the virtue of military and political prudence.

It is this virtue which must be communicated, explained and defended in the public forum. For upon the public opinion of Europe and America, as democracy has decreed, will rest the continued existence of the necessary but diminishing eastern line and conventional forces everywhere. These conventional forces are alone capable of meeting Soviet adventures on the limited scale, at the same time leaving the northern hemisphere intact.

MIRROR UP TO NATURE

National Traits in Movies

by MARYVONNE BUTCHER

A POSSIBLY over-quoted passage, but one none the less cogent for all that, is Hamlet's instruction to the players: "The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

The moving picture, we may be sure, is capable of holding a mirror up to nature that can be as potentially true (or perhaps even truer) as that of the living theater; but I have an uneasy feeling that only too often the film's mirror—the wide screen that we sometimes see curving away from us like the very horizon itself, its image colored or black and white—is one that has been deliberately forced out of true, so that it distorts the mediocre into the grandiose, the meretricious into the glamorous, material ambition into something that apes the ultimate spiritual aim of mankind. How often, for instance, does a film leave us with the impression that success and well-being are the same as happiness and salvation?

But these are, perhaps, generalizations and as such susceptible of wide-ranging speculations that can very easily deteriorate into looseness and imprecision. It might be more valuable to take a closer look into this mirror and see how its image of nature may vary from nation to nation; to see if the mirror itself may be of a different shape according to the idiosyncrasies of the national character, and whether these idiosyncrasies determine not only the shape of the mirror but the choice of the things it is made to reflect. Romance here, and squalor there; violence here and a nostalgic tendency to dwell in the past somewhere else; an unemotional realism from one country, from another nation the desire to exaggerate both the heights and the depths.

In every national school, of course, the talent and inspiration of the individual director will throw up the occasional sport, so that the pictures he makes will be his own unmistakable creations, but even so I think it is tenable that he will often create a kind of picture which will show national as well as individual characteristics. Thus Carol Reed will make a first-class picture in which the whole outlook will be British, or de Sica will make one which could only be Italian. And when Orson Welles, that eccentric genius, brings off a winner, its scope and vigor seem to us in Europe essentially American in the copious invention and delight in technical ingenuity.

AT THE PRESENT time some very interesting developments are taking place in the British film which may, if they persist, really alter the foreigner's conception of the British as well as his attitude towards British films. It should never be forgotten that the major British contribution to the cinema has been the documentary, a form which we practically cornered

Miss Butcher is an English film critic who contributes regularly to the London *Tablet, Blackfriars* and other British publications.

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between the wars and in which we certainly reached considerable heights. The number of outstandingly good films which we made during the war years, when our industry was working on a shoestring and our major aim was propaganda of one kind or another, were all what are now called semi-documentaries; and these did show very accurately what one may call, though the phrase has become distasteful, "the British way of life"—what Belloc would have called "the British thing."

Pictures like "The Way Ahead" or "Waterloo Road" or "Brief Encounter" were all built on a solid foundation of documentary, and were true and authentic pieces of work. There was neither money, nor time, nor personnel to waste, and every stroke had to count. After the war this particular pressure slackened, and so did the standards of the films we turned out.

Since then the younger generation of film-makers and critics have increasingly been complaining that the average British film does not gives the slightest clue to the contemporary British scene: it is, they say, quite out of touch with present reality. Further, it is remarkable, I think, that the bulk of British films that have had real box-office success in this country (and abroad, too, often enough) are war pictures. Our directors have been harking back to what is the crucial experience in the lives of all of us much over thirty—the cruel, immediate impact of war and death on the lives of almost everyone. This we had felt deeply; and during this time we had behaved as we like to think of ourselves as behaving. So we continue to make films like "The Cruel Sea" and "Dunkirk"; we continue to show to the world the face that we like to think is our best, but in truth our presentation of it has grown a little old-fashioned, and it scarcely fits the world of today. It would be unfair, of course, to suggest that we are alone in this—the spate of war films from every country, on both sides, is enough to disprove it—but I do think that the British have been indulging in a particularly sterile form of wishful-thinking.

But recently the tone has changed, and the war pictures like "Orders to Kill," "The Key" and "Ice Cold in Alex" show an approach that is less nostalgic than intellectual. The war is used as setting for a particular type of moral problem and not just to show the figure we used to cut. This is part of the radical change in English writing during the last six or seven years, and the novels of Kingsley Amis or the plays of John Osborne are balanced by films like "Manuela" or "A Woman in a Dressing Gown." All this new stuff looks a situation squarely in the eye and reproduces what is seen there without any attempt to dress it up. Pictures like this are a far better reflection of the curious way in which the British face life and take decisions—half practical, half romantic and almost wholly intuitively empirical—than a dozen smooth pictures in which the characterization and acting are close enough to observed life to fool the public into thinking that the story is lifelike too.

Candlelight, they say, is so becoming if one is a little past one's best. But if the English directors can bring themselves to leave the subdued romantic lighting of the past and use a little crude contemporary daylight, then we can once again offer the world a picture of ourselves as truthful as the unforgettable "Brief Encounter."

I HAVE DWELLED at some length on the contemporary British cinema because I can speak from personal knowledge; but if we turn to a country very different from our northern island, one which has for a long time made films of strongly marked national temper, then one can only speak from the point of view of the average film-goer, observing the world from his seat in the stalls. What idea do we get of Italy from *her* films?

Once upon a time Italy made her name with great spectacular luxurious productions, so the emergence of the post-war neo-realist films was a considerable shock to the public. It is noticeable that these films have, on the whole, enjoyed considerably greater success outside the country than in it. It is a truism, of course, that the public go to the cinema for an escape from reality, so it is perhaps understandable that the Italians grew a little tired of finding on their screens the same poverty and harshness of conditions with which they were only too painfully familiar in their post-war chaos. The foreign market, on the other hand, was excited to find what looked like the real Italy—warm, exuberant, gesticulatory—brought to their very doorstep.

Italian audiences may have been slightly bored, but Italian authority was actively uneasy. The government did not at all care for this harsh presentation of their worst problems going out to the world as typical, and were not inclined to foster this as national propaganda. The Church, on the other hand, for so long accustomed to condemning the cinema for its luxury, glamour and occasions of sin, suddenly found its Babylonian temptress turning into a raging social reformer who attacked the whole of society—the Church included—for its hardness of heart and lack of charity. "Bicycle Thief," "Umberto D.," "Vitelloni" and the rest brought an indictment against everyone who tolerated the status quo that was impossible to laugh off and difficult to counter.

We have recently read that Msgr. Galletto, of the Pontifical Commission for Motion Pictures, Radio and T.V., said: "The days of the scissors are for the most part over; the time is past when our work consisted only in eliminating the worst part of films." The fact that ecclesiastical authorities feel able to turn to a

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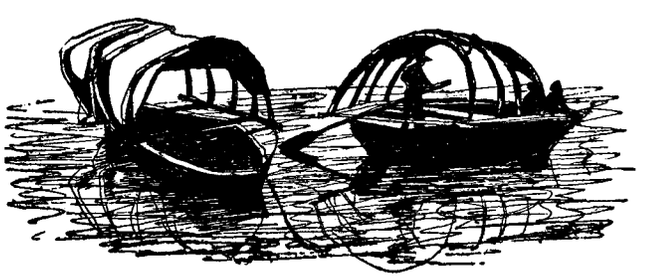
more positive approach to the cinema must be placed, partly at least, to the credit of the neo-realist school. And indeed it is impossible to feel that the cleansing pity of a film like "Umberto D.," which de Sica made as a tribute to his own well-loved father who did not live to see his son's success, could do anything but good.

If you accepted the world of the Italian post-war film as being the picture of Italy, you would be misled, I think, only if you took it to be the complete picture. It is only one side of the story, but it is sufficiently true: life for all Italians may not be like this, but it is very like this for far too large a proportion of the population and it is a healthy thing that this should be made explicit. Italy is full of violent contrasts of beauty and squalor, wealth and abysmal poverty, and it is characteristic that we find there not only the heart of the Church but Europe's most flourishing Communist party; all these oppositions jostle together to make the kaleidoscope the enchanting spectacle it is. Some Italian films show us only the dark side; some show mostly the gaiety and beauty. The intelligent filmgoer must make a synthesis as best he can out of what he sees and what he knows, simply giving thanks that the material out of which he has to make his synthesis is often of such excellent quality.

IT WOULD BE fascinating to pursue this kind of inquiry through all the national schools of films, but it would clearly be neither practicable nor rewarding in an article of this length. What might be more revealing at this point would be to alter the angle of approach and make some comparisons.

If, for instance, one makes a rought comparison between French and American films, what salient differences immediately spring to mind? I do not think it is because I am fairly familiar with France and the way French people think and speak that I feel that the French cinema is at once more realistic and more consistently homogeneous than the American. Almost any French film, except for some of those clearly marked "for export only," will show the French predilection for *ideas;* making quite severe demands upon the spectator's attention, and expecting him to be able to meet those demands.



A film like Leo Joannon's "Le Défroqué," for example, which was specifically aimed at a popular audience, plainly takes it for granted that there will be no difficulty for anyone in grasping the concept of Morand's purely intellectual rebellion against the Church, and that discouragement will not set in even after the chief character makes it quite clear that his abandonment of the priesthood has nothing whatever to do with sex. The film may be violent and sensational in many ways, but the problem it propounds is essentially an intellectual one. It is not for nothing, I think, that the French can boast of a flourishing *Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinématographiques,* and that critical writing upon the cinema is at once so prolific and highbrow. They expect to use their minds, and take that spectators will want to do the same; the Fren director, even when young and untried, is comparatively free to argue a theme intelligently, because intelligent argument is what his audience is used to. Nearly every French film will tell you something real about what it is like to live in France and be French, whether it is the terrifying toughness of the peasants in "Jeux Interdits" or the realistic attitude towards love in "Les Grands Manoeuvres."

When a foreigner like myself looks at the general run of American pictures, one has much less sense of realism, of a common desire to show how life is really lived in your great continent. A picture like "A Face in the Crowd" or "Sweet Smell of Success" may be as true as "Marty" or "The Little Fugitive" or (what has for long been one of my treasured memories) "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier," but one has the feeling that these films are not so much presentations of the truth as something more equivalent to a Moral Rearmament public confession—a shedding of the load of guilt without the necessity of penance.

I do not mean that these are not extremely good pictures—technically and intellectually they are very good, and indeed the general professional level in every field is far and away higher in the American picture than in any other—but I often have the feeling that the motives behind this competence are more mixed than they should be. All cinema, of course, suffers deeply from the fact that it has to be commercially successful as well as artistically valid, but one suspects that the commercial pressures behind American pictures are unduly acute.

As an outsider I may be quite wrong; perhaps "The Grapes of Wrath" is no more truly American than "A Streetcar Named Desire"; perhaps "On the Waterfront" is no less authentic than "Twelve Angry Men"; it is possible that "South Pacific" is as characteristic of Americans as "Guys and Dolls," but I cannot persuade myself that this is so. I hope that it is not only from personal experience that one can deduce when a film is honest and true.

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American films come in an endless uneven flow; sometimes so good that one stumbles back into the everyday world exhilarated and grateful for the acting of Brando and Fonda, or the direction of John Ford, or the camera-work of James Wong Howe or the beauty of Marilyn Monroe; sometimes so bad that one is furious at the waste of good money; sometimes so perversely violent that one wonders how anyone can stand the sickening sensationalism. But they almost always have vigor and finish and speed, and their bad qualities are often only the obverse of the good; while the bad qualities of British films seem to me to come more often from sheer lack of vitality and courage, and be quite divorced from the good qualities.

TURN TO THE Japanese cinema, however, and one is faced by a more baffling problem—barriers not only of language and way of life, but a whole set of conventions in acting of which the West is, in general, totally ignorant. How can we make deductions about the way in which the Japanese think or live if we hardly even know what the movements they are making actually mean to the informed audience? The cruelty, the rigid code of honor, the position of women —even the savage and unremitting noise—all put us in a situation in which most of us have to judge their films purely from externals.

Externals, of course, do give us a great deal of material from which to make our judgments on an esthetic basis. From "Rashomon" or "The Seven Samurai" or "Gate of Hell" one can reap delight, much matter for thought, absorbing interest; but whether one can do anything with the information other than cinematically, I have not yet been able to decide. The violence is very different from the violence in an American picture; the traditions are not at all like those which form the scaffolding for so much of British life; the Samurai lady is ceremonially slain for escapades that would be considered rather to the credit of a Frenchwoman; but the beauty of the images that this mirror throws back to us is such that we persevere in the effort to understand what they mean.

"Mirror, mirror, tell me true"—do the screens of the world in fact tell us true? I think one can only say that they all tell us something true, but that it is not always what they set out to tell. Their explicit theme and their implicit revelation may not always correspond. Here, perhaps, lies some of the perennial fascination of the cinema for the discerning; each time the lights are dimmed and the credits begin to flash there is the heady feeling that this time, perhaps, a new key to the labyrinth may be put into our groping hands.

We began with Hamlet, speaking to some highly professional players: let us round it off with Theseus magnanimously making excuses for some very rude mechanicals. "The best in this kind," he says, "are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." When we are tempted to disappointed dismissal of the cinema as an art, we might do worse than to remember this truth. We, too, have to bring something to the film before it can truly make its impact.

FRANCE'S FIFTH REPUBLIC

De Gaulle's Dilemma

by ROBERT BARRAT

THE FOURTH REPUBLIC died June 1 when the National Assembly made General de Gaulle President of the Council. This Republic will go down in the memory of the French people as a mediocre succession of governments which proved incapable of resolving a single one of the great problems with which their nation was confronted. Whether in the domain of domestic life or in international or colonial affairs, the Fourth Republic carried through none of the reforms which would have permitted France to meet the situation.

Was this the fault of institutions or of men? In my opinion, principally the latter. What was lacking in such men as Bidault, Pleven, E. Faure, Mollet or Gaillard was civic courage, political intelligence and policies of some scope. These men were much better fitted to deal with the comparative calm of the amiable Third Republic than the storms of the difficult times in which we live. "Practical" men, they believed that in the end things would always work out by themselves. As they saw things, the function of the statesman was to allow that noble character, Time, to have his head. Personally amiable, they were men who lacked any sense of the tragic, the sign under which we live in this mid-

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century. De Gaulle, however, is not an amiable person. If evidence for this judgment is demanded, one need only recall his actions between 1940 and 1947.

France now has a leader, perhaps, but it is not yet wholly certain that he will be able to govern for long. However much he wishes to bring about the constitutional and structural reforms about which there has been so much talk since 1946, de Gaulle will find himself up against the same insistent problem at every convening of the Council of Ministers: Algeria. If de Gaulle does not succeed in bringing the Algerian tragedy to a solution in the months ahead, he himself will be toppled by the military-fascist wave which almost submerged France last May.

The margin for maneuver which his predecessors have left to the General is extremely narrow. On the one hand, the Algerian F.L.N. has declared that it will not stop fighting until Paris has solemnly proclaimed the independence of Algeria. On the other, both the European minority and the army adamantly oppose independence and continue to insist on the integration of Algeria with France.

IN ANY CASE, integration is hardly feasible, since France cannot, economically and financially, shoulder the burden of nine million Moslems, who will number fifteen million by 1970, and who refuse to become French anyway. By every token Algeria has to be firmly set upon the road to political autonomy within the framework of a Franco-Algerian union of some sort—and French residents in Algeria who cannot accommodate themselves to this new state of things will have to be repatriated. De Gaulle is aware of all this and his basic idea is to lead Algeria to independence, but by stages. Yet it is obvious that any attempt to approach the F.L.N. in order to open negotiations threatens to provoke a new fascist explosion in Algeria. Conversely, the more the General seems to show sympathy with the viewpoint of the French ultras, the more the Algerian Army of Liberation will intensify the war.

Hence the middle way which he adopted when he visited Algeria: that of proclaiming the civic equality of all Algerians. There is, in addition, the announcement of a free electoral consultation in which the Moslems would choose representatives with whom the French Government would study the reforms desirable for the internal structure of Algeria and for ties with metropolitan France.

Logically very satisfying, this solution has little worth except on paper. Free elections cannot be carried out in the present atmosphere of Algeria. European extremists have organized Committees of Public Safety, and the most worthwhile elements of the Moslem population are either in prison or concentration camps. Four large zones of the Algerian territory are completely free from French Army control. In order to have authentic local elections, the French Government would, among other things, have to reestablish basic civil liberties, end the state of siege, have electoral lists drawn up by men not in any way responsible for the repressive measures, and release political prisoners. The European extremists will not even hear of this. The Government can bring it about only by taking stern measures against them. The only other course is to attempt to subjugate the Moslems, who evince every intention of continuing the war indefinitely.

In my opinion de Gaulle will try, sooner or later, to bring these European extremists to see reason, for he knows that a worsening of the war may well lead to an increase of fascism within the army groups. Indeed, for the first time in the history of the French Republic, the Army has a political idea. It did not intend only to bring de Gaulle to power; it seeks, further, to be the means of renovating the French State. For the first time in the history of the French Army, a putsch has succeeded. The colonels in the psychological services have come to realize that it is no more difficult to overturn a political regime in France than in some Central American republic.

THE PRINCIPAL ideas of the military are fairly simple: to hunt out traitors, defeatists and "masochistic" intellectuals, to thrust Communists outside the law, to mobilize the nation and its youth in order to bring the war in Algeria to a successful conclusion. Their aim in the social domain is to apply a revolutionary program which would involve, if necessary, new nationalizations and make all opposition toe the line. In a word: fascism. It would doubtless be less virulent in its beginnings than Hitlerian or Mussolinian fascism. Fascism with the French would be more debonair, but no less deadly to basic freedoms and parliamentary institutions, for fascism in France, as elsewhere, would certainly subject civil power to the military authorities.

Such is the fate which France will probably face if de Gaulle unhappily delays negotiating with the Algerian Nationalists. The French in Algiers, aware of their strength, have in the homeland a network of intrigue and committees which would supply the framework for the single party of tomorrow.

Being both an adept at maneuvering and a man of character, de Gaulle himself holds excellent cards. He has the support of three-quarters of French public opinion and great prestige with many of the officers of the army in Algeria. If, thanks to the mediation of the Moroccans and Tunisians, he succeeds in getting the F.L.N. to accept a gradual solution which does not immediately involve recognition of Algeria's independence, then the worst can still be avoided. It would suffice if clandestine preliminary negotiations between

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Algerian leaders and emissaries of the French Government would take place, and that secret protocols of agreement would set forth the successive measures that would be operative during the next six months: the ending of summary executions of prisoners and of terrorism against civilians by both sides, the acceptance of the principle of elections by the F.L.N., the evacuation of the ultras from Algeria by the French Government, recognition of Algeria's right to independence within a specific time, and similar measures.

But will de Gaulle seek such a program? Will he be in a position to? Before embarking on such a course, he will first have to retake control of the army and see that Algiers again takes its orders from Paris. This is a difficult course and it is not at all certain that the General would win out in the end. As one of the colonels in Algiers is known to have declared, "After Naguib, Nasser."

THIRTY YEARS AFTER

It has of late become the thing to quote
Augustine on the restless heart of man,
And such-and-such a convert of great note
Avers he can
Say it as honestly as if he wrote
The words for the first time.

—I also ran

In that race, but it's all so long ago
I doubt if there is anyone who'd know.
It hadn't yet become the style to give
Notice to converts. Nothing of great note
Happened. No Hudson or Ohio burned
When people learned
Of my conversion. I can merely add
That when I left the world (where still I live)
I only broke two hearts, and killed my dad,
And gained the pointless laughter of a few,
And heard my brother say, "I always knew
She'd do some crazy thing." But I was too
Intent on heaven to be hurt or sad
Because the family couldn't share my views.
Oh, one thing more: My grandma heard the news
And called her legal surgeon to excise
This dutiless appendix from her will.
But history decreed things otherwise:
She lost her money when depression came,
Years later; and she would have felt the same
If I had married, gone upon the stage,
Or swum in the Olympics, bless her heart!
She wanted things her way; I didn't mind.
And so I took this restless heart to find
Peace, and I never got around to write
This tale of my conversion till tonight!

SISTER M. ALBERTINA, C.D.P.

OF NOTE

A PLEA FOR DEMOCRACY

THE ANTIGONISH TECHNIQUE, a co-operative effort to meet the "terrible sickness" of our economic system through a unique program of adult education, was described by one of its founders, Monsignor Moses M. Coady, in an address to the Credit Union National Association convention in Madison, Wisconsin. Substantial excerpts from this speech, recently printed in the Kansas City-St. Joseph *Register* (3147 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.), follow:

Democracy, as we all know, is self-rule. It is government of, by, and for the people. It means participation by the people in all the vital social processes. . . .

The scientific and technological achievements of countries that embraced the democratic way of life have been so great that the wonder is the whole world did not spontaneously follow suit. But it didn't. On the contrary, the great majority of the world's people have veered away from it and they are now turning to ideologies that are diametrically opposed to the democratic ideal.

We are so convinced of the goodness of our cause and the adequacy of the democratic formula that we are prone to think the cause of this lack of appreciation of democracy is due to the illiteracy and ignorance of these people, or we may think that it is due to bad men, political dictators and warlords who are holding their people in subjection for reasons of personal wealth and power.

We should not give in too easily, however, to this superficial view. . . . Perhaps at this point we are trying to palm off a counterfeit democratic coin on the poor peoples of the earth.

The first great fact that stares us in the face is that democracy has declined even here in its own home in the North American continent. As a matter of fact, we have not got as much democracy here in North America now as we had more than one hundred years ago. In the old days more than seventy per cent of our people were on farms. They had ownership. This ownership of land was the very foundation of American democracy. It gave the people a measure of economic independence and that sense of responsibility that goes with effective political democracy.

The Founding Fathers realized this and gave their people an effective program of political democracy—freedom of speech, freedom of conscience and of assembly. They believed that from these freedoms would come all other freedoms. They were philosophically right, of course, but they did not reckon with human nature. They did not figure out the vital connection between political democracy and a fair share of economic

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independence, or what we might call economic democracy.

They did not need to do this. . . . But a great revolution has come about. Our world has become industrialized and ownership is now concentrated in the hands of a few. The great majority of our people, who are laborers in industrial centers, have become proletarianized. They no longer own anything. This is happening not only in industrial centers. It is happening also at great speed right now in our rural communities. . . .

Surely we can diagnose this frightening evil—on the one side the proletarianism of the workers and on the other a subtle new type of feudalism, the dictatorship of business and finance. If we prize our freedom, we must not permit the peoples of the world to become completely proletarianized.

Our answer to Communism is very simple: Eliminate the proletariat and in one stroke we immunize ourselves against Communism and all other type of totalitarian autocracy. This means, give ownership back to the people, nothing more, nothing less. . . .

In our day, the old land frontiers are gone. The great majority of our people live, and probably will continue to live, in urban communities. What frontiers can they set out to conquer? The answer is easy. The frontiers are down every Main Street of North America, every Main Street in the world. The people can enter the field of business and finance and the covered wagon that will carry them is a total program of economic co-operation. What is more, the difficulties they encounter in carrying out this program will develop their intellectual and moral character as nothing else can.

The principal characteristic of American democracy is the freedom to engage in private free enterprise. This means that the people, either as individuals or as groups, can carry on any economic or social activity that is within the law. A minority of our citizens took this freedom seriously and the great development of science and technology on the North American continent is the pride of the world. Not only has this freedom enabled man to give us inventions and discoveries that are breath-taking, but the leaders of finance, commerce and industry here in America are perhaps among the most brilliant in the whole history of the world. Their very vocational activities made them so.

This same free enterprise system was open to all the people. They, too, could engage in any economic and social activity within the law. The co-operatives were their technique of free enterprise. . . . The common people did not take advantage of the opportunity that was theirs, however, and they have failed to achieve in the social and economic fields that measure of democracy that was their birthright as American citizens.

Their default brought on two great sicknesses in the world. The first is that those who took over and became rulers now feel that their competitive private profit system of free enterprise is part of the cosmic arrangement. What is, is right, they think.

The second and more terrible sickness is the unquestioning acceptance by our people of the economic system that has obtained in the new world for so long. It is the will of God, they think, about which they can do nothing. It may have never occurred to them that, through co-operative business institutions, they can siphon down to themselves a fairer share of the national income, which they all helped to create, and in so doing, build a better and more democratic society.

But the restoration of the spirit and substance of freedom is not going to come about automatically. It calls for education, and especially for adult education. The mobilizing of the world's people for continuous learning is the only scientific road to enlightenment, but it cannot be done on a world basis. It cannot be done even on a national basis in countries as big as Canada or the United States. We must begin somewhere, however. It should be in an area or region big enough to be significant and small enough to be manageable.

We tackled this problem twenty-nine years ago and our region for the experiment in adult education was the Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, an area as large as the state of New York, with a population of 1,500,000. In this area are found all the problems of rural and industrial life. . . .

We of the St. Francis Xavier Extension who promoted this program are looked upon as co-operators, but in reality we are adult educators. Economic co-operation is part of our formula but we did not start with co-operation. We began with philosophy. We felt that in the development of a people there is something more fundamental than co-operatives even in their simplest forms. Illiterate people have to be taught to read and write in order to get the philosophy that will supply them with the dynamics for action. Through mass meetings, study clubs, conferences, and leadership courses we put across to our people the sets of ideas that I am dignifying here by the name of philosophy.

Our first message to them was to explain the nature of progress and life. Progress is the realization of possibilities for good. Only when people exploit to the utmost their possibilities as individuals and as groups are they living to the fullest measure of which they are capable. . . .

There is a slogan that there is always room at the top. There is not room at the economic top, but there is the possibility that all the people of the earth, by the proper development of their natural resources, can attain to a high level of life. The technique by which it can be done is not through individual action alone but rather through group action. This truth is as fundamental and as absolute in the economic sphere as the

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statement that two and two make four is in the field of mathematics.

Our Extension Department very early organized the people to study the possibility and the significance of establishing producer co-operatives. We organized farmers, fishermen, lumbermen, and helped with the organization of trade unions. But these elemental forms of co-operation, trade unions among workers and co-operative marketing among primary producers, do not constitute a real social philosophy. We have to go deeper than that. Our people did not study very long when they discovered that group action had possibilities not only in the producer field but in the consumer field as well. Then began in Eastern Canada the creation of buying clubs, later co-operative stores, wholesales and a federation of consumer stores, producer organizations, and processing plants.

Our people were not long working to carry out this complicated program in the field of production and business when they ran up against the difficulty of financing their operations. The question was where to find the money to do this. . . . We had heard, of course, of the credit union. We were so interested in it that long before the establishment of the Extension Department at the university we brought down a credit union leader from Quebec to tell us about it. . . . The idea spread and we were invited from one end of Canada to the other to set up similar savings and loan institutions, with the result that in eleven years the credit union was established in every English-speaking province across Canada. . . . In 1956, we had 1,898,364 credit union members with assets of $768,000,000. . . .

One of our greatest achievements . . . is in the Grand Etang-Cheticamp area . . . There are about nine hundred families in the area. The people were very poor in the beginning but, under the dynamics of our integrated program . . . the people now own and control not only their fishing business but the consumer business as well. All this has been done without firing a shot or shedding a drop of blood. They did it in the good old scientific way of using their intelligence to manipulate the forces that condition their lives.

If we establish a million such regions all over this world, in Central and South America, Africa, Asia, and in our own North America, we will be well on the road to a brand new democratic world. . . .

In our democratic program the best of man's aspirations and efforts find full play. It offers, without condescension or patronage, a dignifying role for every citizen of every nation. It assists in developing them and their resources to the point where they can work out their own destinies for themselves. Ostentatious handouts are humiliating and, as we are learning with some surprise, do not in the long run engender gratitude or friendship.

The gift of democracy which we shall offer in a spirit of brotherly love will, in its initial stages, call for an educational program to ensure its successful application. Native workers must be trained, educational material supplied and educational projects conducted. For this, money will be needed at the outset, not large handouts or grants, but the small individual contributions of the hundreds of thousands who are practicing democracy and experiencing its benefits in this fortunate land. To share our boon abroad we should be willing to impose upon ourselves a voluntary per capita tax. If we are not impelled to do this out of a spirit of brotherhood, then let us do it for the baser reason of self-preservation.

Two choices lie before us in this unprecedented age: We can guard our own small treasure selfishly and over-zealously, only to lose it in the end; or, we can put our protestations of sympathy and care for the downtrodden people of the earth to the acid test by sharing it with them in the manner I have outlined. . . .

THE SCREEN

SAUCE FOR GEESE AND GANDERS

THORNTON Wilder's play, "The Matchmaker," had quite a history before it landed in the movies. He first wrote it as "The Merchant of Yonkers," which he based on an 1835 English play, "A Day Well Spent." When "Merchant" failed, Wilder re-wrote it as "The Matchmaker," which became a hit in England and the United States. My enthusiasm for "The Matchmaker" was considerably less than that of most theatergoers, who found this well-staged and well-acted play a hilarious romp. The movie version, as written by John Michael Hayes, is still a hilarious romp; and, although it doesn't move as fast as the rapid-fire play (mainly because funny lines depend on timing which is more difficult in a mechanical medium), it is still an amusing farce.

Actually the movie of "The Matchmaker" is a harum-scarum *tour de force* in which the actors frequently talk directly to the audience to explain what they're up to and what's going on. Some of the monologues, dialogues and situations are bright and witty (like the crack about "People who et onions" being bad judges of "who et onions and who didn't") and some are not. Don Hartman's production of "The Matchmaker" is excellent, with attractive 1884 costumes and sets and a fine cast who seem to be enjoying every minute of their merry romp. Shirley Booth has plenty of bounce and uncouth gentility as the conniving widow "who arranges things," and Paul Ford is properly stuffy and stubborn as the well-to-do,

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stingy merchant from Yonkers for whom she is finding a mate. Anthony Perkins and Robert Morse are a happy combination of youthful *joie de vivre* and gawky shyness as the merchant's employees who follow him and the matchmaker to New York to search for adventure and romance of their own—for, as Tony puts it, he's over six feet tall and has to start kissing girls sometime.

Their search leads them to the millinery shop run by wistful Shirley MacLaine, who also happens to be the matchmaker's most promising prospect for the merchant. After a giddy scene in the millinery shop, there is an even more giddy mix-up in a fancy New York restaurant and then a big finale back in Yonkers. No doubt if you can put yourself into the spirit of nineteenth-century comedy, you'll find "The Matchmaker" quite amusing. Director Joseph Anthony tries hard to keep the action and sugar-coated epigrams ("Marriage is a bribe to make a housekeeper think she is a householder") running at a fast clip.

BRIGITTE Bardot is her own matchmaker in "La Parisienne," a flashy French film that skitters back and forth between sense and *risqué* nonsense in telling how to win and hold a husband. As the daughter of the Prime Minister of France (André Luguet) Brigitte sets her cap for the handsomest member of her father's cabinet (Henri Vidal), but this young man is so busy with his mistresses and diplomacy that he has no time for her. She successfully traps him into marriage, however, but immediately starts becoming jealous of his former flames, who continue to turn up. Then when a visiting Queen (Nadia Gray) comes to France with her Prince Consort (Charles Boyer) Brigitte goes to work on the Prince in order to make her own husband jealous.

This is a pretty thin plot, so Producer Francis Cosne has decorated it with some lush Technicolor shots of Paris and the Riviera, plenty of daring shots of Bardot in revealing costumes and bath towels and several suggestive scenes that just escape the censor's scissors. Some of the satire is amusing, especially when inexperienced Brigitte decides on the sauce-for-the-gander technique and suave Boyer becomes her willing accomplice. The musical score that punctuates the satire is excellent; and it must be said for Director Michel Boisrond that he has got out of Miss Bardot the best performance that she has displayed in any of her films that have so far turned up in this country. One would still not exactly call the Bardot an actress, but it is not hard to figure out the reasons for her popularity, especially in a handsome color picture like this.

AIMING to be another "The High and the Mighty," which showed how a group of passengers reacted to imminent disaster when their plane ran into trouble, "Twilight for the Gods," also written by Ernest K. Gann, exposes the motley crew and passengers of a brigantine to a similar test when this leaky sailing ship runs afoul in the South Pacific. Will its captain (Rock Hudson) stop at Honolulu for necessary repairs or will he head straight for Mexico to save one of his passengers (Cyd Charisse) from certain arrest? Actually one doesn't care very much, for after the first ten minutes you realize that this is definitely an artificial situation with stacked cards and stacked passengers, all of whom will be changed by the picture's crisis.

Among the passengers Judith Evelyn, as a fading singer, Ernest Truex, as a minister, and Richard Haydn, as an Englishman anxious to get home, are the only ones who spark any interest; and even they are only types to illustrate a point. The first mate (Arthur Kennedy) is such a dirty villain that he's completely unbelievable. All of which is too bad, because this good cast and the ship itself deserve better treatment in the movies. The fault is not so much with the stars as with the story and its shallow treatment.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE THOUGHTS OF A SCHOLARLY SHEPHERD

There is a spite in me
that gives up the ghost.
But I tell you in this
season all speeded up
with synagogues and cradles
I reckon all my spite
in bells and caroling, bring
clocks to tombs and streams
to Araby. But there comes
to my body a fear of devils.
The air's no more hegemony
of seraph. The fanfare
in my mind that dispelled
all simple evil buzzes,
a racket of termagent.
There is no telling the way
the world will tip. It seems
the world is in extremis.
Ghosts have come to term
and climb up apple trees
to forget hyssops with cider.
The grim containment
of the polar bear trudges
a terrible procession on the snow.
I am tracked by henchmen.
Kings come without trumpet
and there is no sense in dreams.
O Adam who knows what way the world
turns in this heyday of Jesse.

NED O'GORMAN.

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"Where the Living God Calls to the Self"

THE MEETING OF LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE. By Martin D'Arcy, S.J. World Perspectives Series. Harper. $3.

PRAYER IN PRACTICE. By Romano Guardini. Pantheon. $3.50.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT. Edited by Victor Gollancz. Harper. $5.

COME, SOUTH WIND. Edited by M. L. Shrady. Pantheon. $3.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

THE CLASSIC definition of prayer has always been the elevation of the heart and mind to God. And the second part of this process has been the subject of at least as much attention from practitioners and would-be practitioners as the first, since St. Paul insisted that his hearers should think on whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are lovely and of good repute. For in view of the canary-like quality of our attention, the lifting of the human mind, that sieve and squirrel, is a tremendous task. That the command "My son, give me your heart" is far less difficult to obey than is this lifting of the mind is attested by the fact that one may readily admit someone's "heart is in the right place" however wandering his mind. In the four books listed above, Father D'Arcy brilliantly discusses the relationships of love and knowledge, and of Eastern and Western "ways" of prayer and Monsignor Guardini brings to his readers five finger exercises of infinite worth: if any of us aspire to play, by ear or by eye, that music which is the whole occupation of all who have arrived at the Beatific Vision, this book is an invaluable *gradus ad parnassum*. And the anthologies of Victor Gollancz and M. L. Shrady are "bits books," graduated exercises for use in the practice of contemplation.

The excuse and justification for such anthologies as these two is that the use of a phrase, or theme, or word, upon which to attach one's mind is universal. The *omane padme om* of the Buddhists, the Jesus prayer of the Eastern Church, the phrase given each person at the end of their initiation by every zaouia, or Moslem fraternity, are various shapes taken by a tool as basic to the interior life as are hammer and wrench or broom and needle to the exterior. To clear the thickets of thought, to sweep out the litter piled in each mind, active attention turned to one phrase is an essential beginning.

But the mind's thickets can easily become mazes, in which the self can be lost. Father D'Arcy discusses in some detail (for his is a tightly packed small book) the many problems of the several I's met on every journey into the interior, and also the huge problems of unconscious, self-conscious and collective consciousnesses. For the dangers of the interior journey are great. Heraclitus noted "It is death for souls to become water" and St. John of the Cross has warned "the soul that puts itself into the dark night, exposes itself to the greatest of all perils." The quality of this danger was diagnosed by Jesus when He described the man from whose heart the devil had been cast out. And how, seeing the empty space, seven devils came to that swept place and the last state of the man was worse than it had been before.

Father D'Arcy points out, too, another great danger—that incurred alike by Semele in the Greek myth who wished to see Jupiter as he was, and of the wedding guest in the Gospel parable who had not put on the wedding garment provided by his host—the danger of meeting in the empty space within not a devil or devils but God the All Terrible.

How to put on the wedding garment is Monsignor Guardini's sole concern, and he is wonderfully practical. He points out how we hate praying: that always our "inner unrest drives us away from the place where we should be, the *here* and the *duty*. This is the place where things really matter, where one must hold one's ground; the place where the Living God calls to the self, the place of obedience. In this exacting stillness man begins to feel uncomfortable and tries to run away. Always he flees from the holy *here* . . . If he wants to pray, he must recall himself from everything and everywhere and become and remain present . . . Prayer must begin with this collectedness . . . it is not easy. How little of it we normally possess becomes painfully clear as soon as we make the first attempt. When we try to compose ourselves, unrest redoubles in intensity . . . As soon as we try to be unified and to obtain mastery over ourselves, we experience the full impact and meaning of distraction. . . . Everything depends on this state of collectedness. For collectedness itself is prayer."

And the reward, Father D'Arcy describes when, as he says, "after long self-denial and concentration, when the multiplicity of images has been discarded and the spiritual eye is clear and suitably focused," the *mind* "catches sight of truth directly as the eye sees color." This, called by Spinoza the "intellectual love of God," is the object of man's life here, and the subject of all four of these books, of which it might be said that they admirably and wonderfully complement each other. For Father D'Arcy is concerned with the theory of contemplation, Monsignor Guardini with its practice, and both Messrs. Gollancz and Shrady offer examples by those who have achieved the technique. We all expect prayer to be a natural activity of man, like breathing, but it is not so easy as that, and we must expect to be stiffer after our efforts in it than a novice after the first day's horseback riding. Yet contemplative prayer, which is necessary to man's mind as it is to his soul, is a form of dying, akin to physical dying, which Franz Werfel called the "great fading of all images." That prayer is an agony, Victor Gollancz tries to show.

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His excellent, all-embracing, mammoth anthology, because it tries to convey one man's experience in language common to all, is like a first-rate hotel buffet. There is everything any guest could possibly want, elegantly laid out, first-rate viands, the best of everything, but anonymous and not what the discriminating palate requires daily. Yet it is a marvelous collection, obviously bound to become one of the world's classic anthologies, to be for adults what Walter de la Mare's *Come Hither* is for children.

Come, South Wind is perhaps the antithesis of Victor Gollancz's, while remaining in the same field. For one thing it is entirely Christian. Evelyn Waugh remarked that he thought silence was the vocation of the United States, as they had such need of it, and certainly the rush of young men into Trappist or Carthusian or Carmelite monasteries after World War II seemed to prove something of his point. But many are called, it would seem, and few are chosen or few choose to stay, for the dearth of the contemplative vocations is something the Church is actually feeling. It is only the space we make for Him in our mind as well as in our heart that God can inhabit. And if we do not give Him the room He requires, then as before when there was no room in the inn, He will go elsewhere.

Ordered Argot

ROCK. By David Wagoner. Viking. $3.75.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

WHEN MAX FALLON, at the age of twenty-eight returns to his home on the outskirts of Chicago, he finds that he is no more at home there than he was back East with the wife from whom he has recently separated himself. The rest of the book is the story of Max's attempt to place himself again, to gain a measure of control over his actions.

Max Fallon's problem may be stated simply and tritely: he must learn to be himself. How he goes about it is Mr. Wagoner's story. This story, purely as story, is a long way from a good one, but there are a number of other qualities in *Rock* that make it worthwhile. Mr. Wagoner has a good ear and a good mind, although the latter may not be distinguished for its discursive powers.

The title of his book is thematic. *Rock,* I think, is best explained by the following passage from close to the end of the book: "The rocking began again, but it didn't put him to sleep. It came to him from one remove—through the flat, joined, covered boards under his ribs—and, though they nearly matched, it and the movement of his heart were different. He lay still, holding his stomach in, and remembered where he'd felt that motion before, something like it, many times. On trains, or drunk in bed the moment before sleep. Exaggerated in rides at amusement parks. While dancing. . . . Or earlier, far back, farther than he could go, in the lap or at the breast. It was something he'd always sought. And everyone else did too, but they couldn't name it, or didn't; and to be sickened, excited, or lulled by it was, somehow, at the heart of every action, along with a dozen other things he didn't really understand but which he felt at home with now."

The theme is not obtrusive, however, and before it becomes clear Mr. Wagoner brings in other characters with their own need to rock. The most important of these is Max's younger brother, Timmy, who, having imitated his older brother, now bitterly resents Max's failure. Timmy and his friends are the troublesome teenagers we've been hearing so much about. Disappointed by their elders and afraid of themselves, these boys and girls constitute a parody of Max Fallon's confusion. From them, especially from Timmy, Max learns about himself.

The effort to know and to accept oneself is, of course, a familiar literary theme. It is a source of agony in literature today because a candid writer does not take for granted any of the older ways of identifying oneself. Young Timmy had emulated his brother and his brother had failed him. He cannot stand to be himself because the self has been stripped of its relationships, and human identity is a matter of relationships. In order to bear up under it all, the teenager cultivates indifference and a dreamy sort of violence.

How do you find yourself, then? You rock a little, roll a little, glockenspiel and rule a little. You get with, not it, but yourself. This juvenile argot is ridiculous but it's a happy parody of a good deal of so-called contemporary profundities. I like this book of Mr. Wagoner's (I do not admire it much) because it captures the nervous and, often, neurotic rhythms of American speech and thought.

What I miss—although others may applaud its absence—is explicitness. Mr. Wagoner suggests superbly but he seldom states. Even at the end, when Max Fallon seems to have won a certain knowledge of himself, he has achieved no *verbal* intimacy with his brother or the rest of his family. This, of course, may be true to life but a novel is not that kind of life, and in moments of high emotion a character must act and speak his heart. Max Fallon never quite expresses his love for his brother because Mr. Wagoner, for reasons best known to him, never attempts to reach that state of verbal innocence in which the heart utters its words directly to another.

Renewed Attention

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Alan Moorehead. Harper. $5.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

BY NOW, there is a literal mountain of literature on the Russian Revolution of October, 1917. And the attention is, of course, deserved, for that event, with the subsequent emergence of Stalin, is part of the most decisive happenings of our century. For this reason,

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almost all of the books on the Revolution are partisan, and not simply those written by Menshiviks or Social Revolutionaries in exile. The view of the past in this case is inextricably tied to one's conception of the present Russian regime, and thus politics is inevitable whenever the subject is approached.

This situation places a peculiar responsibility upon any writer. A new book upon the Russian Revolution must justify itself: it cannot be a repetition of the worn and well-recorded data that already fills a thousand volumes; it is not worth much if it simply repeats the old political arguments. Alan Moorehead's new study is well-written, journalistic and, with one exception, not too original. But that exception is the book's claim to attention and praise. The center of Moorehead's work, then, is the stress which he places upon the relations between Lenin and the German Government.

At no point does Mr. Moorehead come out with a straight conspiracy thesis (that the Russian Revolution was made in Berlin as an aid to the German Army), yet neither does he make himself plain on exactly how he estimates the implications of his assertions. That Lenin, among a group of Russian revolutionists which included Menshiviks as well as Bolsheviks, was transported to Russian on a sealed train provided for by the German Government is well-known. But it is another thing to put forward the "German agent" charge against Lenin. Mr. Moorehead never does that exactly, but then he tries to make out a case with regard to the German revolutionary net (that is, the German Government's aid to revolutionists from enemy countries) which veers toward that view. But it doesn't quite make it. None of the new evidence which he presents (Shub's biography contains a fairly typical, traditional statement of the case against Lenin) is particularly startling, nor is it a basis for drawing radical conclusions on the subject.

On other points Mr. Moorehead lets his bias get in the way of his judgment. It is, for example, not fair to say that the dispute between Lenin and Martov at the 1903 Congress of the Russian Social Democracy was the counterposition of democracy and dictatorship. Neither is it too sound to speculate that the British and the French would have been quite happy to give the revolutionists passage back to Russia. Trotsky was, after all, taken off a Danish boat by the British police and imprisoned in Halifax. It took a demand from the Russian (February) Government to secure his release. These are only two cases in point, yet they do indicate a certain carelessness, a marshaling of the evidence from a vantage of political bias.

Moorehead's book is certainly not a scholarly contribution to the literature on October. As journalism, it is good writing, but the main body of fact and judgment presented is so familiar that it is difficult to understand why it deserves particular attention. On the one count which differentiates it from other studies, the stress upon Lenin's relation with the German Government, Moorehead does not put forth any startling new evidence, and neither does he plainly state the conclusions which he would draw from his own analysis.

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Rarest of Things

THE BLANKET. By A. A. Murray. Vanguard. $3.50.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

IN PRIMITIVE Basutoland it is, apparently, *de rigueur* for a cuckolded tribal chief to have his wife's seducer set upon, and while he is being dispatched, to have him disembowled. A witch doctor transforms all organs thus dislodged into a "medicine" whose potency permits said chieftain to outwit the law.

This recondite fragment of lore is integral to the story of *The Blanket,* whose author is not to be taken lightly as an authority on Basuto culture. A. A. Murray probably has a truer eye for this remote people of South Africa than any other writer in English, since she has neighbored among them for twenty years as the wife of a District Commissioner.

Chief Phiri has more than one account to reckon with his herder Maburu. Knowing him to be the lover of his young wife, Siloane, Phiri suspects him of having caught her with child; he also suspects him of stooging for the police who are investigating stockthefts. This is more than sufficient to mark him for a medicine murder, or *liretla.* With a show of trust, Phiri sends Maburu to look for some lost sheep, promising him a feast on his return; he gives him a bright-patterned new blanket to wear so that his kinsmen will spot him on the bridle path as he returns by night.

Siloane secretly warns him of the peril, and instead of returning himself he sends the chief's elder son, Simpi, swathed in the blanket. Following custom, the younger son, Lepotane, is chosen as leader of the group that will perform the ritual execution. A young man of natural sensitivity, he cannot painlessly nerve himself to do what he is sworn to do, so that when he sees on the man they have killed, the face of the brother he worshipped, his horror is unremitting.

The merits of most current South African fiction are so alloyed by the drone of racial cant that it is possible to welcome the accomplished artistry of *The Blanket* as exceptional. It is also possible because of it to overlook the far from negligible degree to which the book is rooted in this same ferment. It is a sparely written, subtly argued morality fiction.

The plot is plausible to the point of being obvious, and the people sometimes resemble Africans trying very hard to bring out their universality: Mrs. Murray is disposed to upgrade her material. Yet there is no mincing in her manner, and even readers accustomed to "naked

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realism" will be able to applaud in *The Blanket* that rarest of things, the story beautifully told. She has a fine sense of the placidity and violence of life lived close to the bone. If she brings any prior loyalties to her work they must surely be those of all civilized observers before the spectacle of the benighted.

The refined observer will always be mindful too of the enlightened barbarism of the West; the conflict is in essence, however, more a North-South duel of temperament. One of *The Blanket's* morals is that sufficient unto the place is the evil thereof. Were a social realist the author of this tale the fact that native malfeasants are tried by British justice and denied jurors of their own race would probably be dimly viewed. Yet the native bystanders concur in the judgment of the court against their chief; for the very fact that a man was assassinated in error, rather than mitigating the crime, shocks them into doubt concerning the entire code of vendetta and dispenses new germs of civilization.

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Views of History

THE MEDDLESOME FRIAR AND THE WAYWARD POPE. By Michael de la Bedoyere. Hanover House. $4.

By SERGE HUGHES

THERE is nothing to indicate that Alexander VI, before or after his election, ever approached heresy in any of his opinions. Acknowledgedly a singular pope, his faith was constant, his concern for orthodoxy real. Savonarola's faith, of course, to judge from his conflict with the Borgia pope, was not so orthodox. He did not recognize the papal excommunication directed to him as valid, and together with Cardinal della Rovere and others he believed in the power of a Council to depose a pope. No doubt he would have wholeheartedly supported Cardinal della Rovere when, as Julius II, he sought retroactively to invalidate Borgia's election on the grounds of simony. And, in a more overt and clearly recognizable way, if allowance must be made for the theological confusion of the times, he did, on various grounds, refuse obedience to the legitimate pope.

The Pope in his dealings with the friar showed no such doctrinal failings. He asked for the obedience properly due him and, when refused, proved deliberate in action and slow to anger. Above all he sought to question and to correct, to restrain. He did not want the friar's martyrdom, despite its political advantageousness. In disobeying him out of fear, Savonarola did him an injustice and compounded the fault in setting himself up as the judge of the Vicar of Christ, heedless of the still recent encyclical *Execrabilis* which unqualifiedly condemned the notion of the superiority of Councils.

Savonarola did not firmly hold to the truth that the sins of a pope do not in any way invalidate his pastoral work or cause to be withdrawn the assistance due him in safeguarding the deposit of faith. Alexander VI was sensual and corrupt, it is true. But it is not certain

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that these are the worst of sins, much less that they preclude repentance and proposals of reform; there is a draft of a thoroughgoing reform which Alexander VI promulgated in grief soon after the murder of a son. Similarly, nothing firmly excludes the possibility that Alexander VI could decide to deal in a pastoral way with the friar, whom he and many good men considered saintly, certainly the Pope's moral superior.

And if Alexander VI was weak, so was Savonarola. There was in him an exasperating self-righteousness, a spirit of defiance, the voluptuousness of the ascetic too anxious for martyrdom, the reformer deeming himself indispensable for Florence and Christendom. The yearning for sanctity was deep in him (and still lives in a number of his works today), but the yearning had its dark streaks.

Such, all too briefly, is the particular version Bedoyere gives of the oft-told tale. It is absorbing, frequently persuasive, and partly true. Its defect is the notion it has of Alexander VI's political ambitions and his ability to carry them out.

No Neo-Guelph of the last half of the nineteenth century, not the most vehement, would venture to claim, with Bedoyere, that the political design of Alexander VI was the creation of a strong papal state and the exclusion of the French and Spanish from Italy. Alexander VI was intent on creating a state for the Borgia family, principally for his son Cesare; to the extent that foreign interference would make the attainment of that end more difficult, he opposed it, as much as he opposed any measure tending to alter the balance of power that insured a politically ineffectual, divided Italy. Florence, especially under the leadership of Savonarola, was one of the forces that disturbed the necessary balance of power. Since Florence, however, was not a powerful Milan or Venice, and since the Florentines could be counted on not to endure long clerical domination, the difficulty could be dealt with in a leisurely way. The Borgia pope was a consummate diplomat,

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as shown by his handling of Charles VIII, and knew how to deal with the friar; he called him to Rome, and when he refused, forbade him to preach under pain of disobedience. Savonarola understood and realized that his movement for moral reform, opposed predominantly on political grounds, was being represented as a religious struggle between a rebel friar and his lawful superior over the propriety of publicly preaching private revelations. The end Savonarola sought is a confirmation that he too was quite aware, as Bedoyere insists, that on theological grounds his rebuttal could not be very effective, and perhaps not completely orthodox.

This is the traditional view of the case, not disproved because maintained by historians with scant sympathy for the Borgia pope, or, for that matter, the papacy. It can be refuted effectively only on political grounds. Bedoyere's idea of what would and would not have been politically opportune is, regrettably, no more acceptable than his notion of the political aims of Alexander VI. One by one his political arguments, somewhat embarrassingly worded as rhetorical questions, speak for candor and directness rather than political acuteness.

Motivations can never be fully known, and reformers can be as complex as the corruption they fight. But this book fails to demonstrate that it is an excessive cynicism to believe that rarely did the zeal for orthodoxy converge so happily with personal ambitions as in the case of the Pope and the friar.

REVIEWERS

Anne Fremantle, a well-known critic, novelist and anthologist, is a frequent contributor to English and American journals.

Thomas F. Curley, a regular contributor, is both novelist and critic.

Michael Harrington has previously contributed to *Partisan Review*, *Poetry*, *Chicago Review* and other publications.

William Dunlea is a free-lance critic residing in New York.

Serge Hughes is on the faculty of Hunter College.

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